

[Verse 1: Paris]

Mic checka one, two, welcome to the movement
Nut check on this hollywood gangsta coonin'
On deck, still freedom fightin' for improvement
From a vet, do or die, sucka free I'm ruthless
Everyday we see the way they always do us
The ninety-nine percent is talkin', but does that include us?
Nine times out of ten, our problems deal with shootin'
I got ninety-nine problems, but I can't confuse 'em
The real sh*t is who dies and who's cryin'
Whose lives always touched in the clutch of violence
Immortalized on a t-shirt, hear the sirens
Hella straps for these young cats, who supply 'em?
All I care about is violence in our neighborhoods
It's all silence when it comes to stifilin' the hoods
It's all silence when it comes to violence in the hood
Cryin' Trayvon, but everyday it's on in blood
I say, to ya face, what about the blappin'
No applause, what's the cause for these n***as clappin'?
Is it the message these off brand cats is rappin'?
I'm spittin' hard truth to you, n***a put that in
I never run, stay about my business
Take this black on black thang back before we end us
Make this blue on black activate the soldier in us
Make it motivate us to eliminate the menace

[Hook: Sandy Griffith]

Hard truth, is what we came to tell ya
So recognize who really got balls
It ain't too many true ones left
But you don't have to worry at all
We sacrifice our lives
Keep the movement on the rise
Lift ya voice and sing, lift ya fist and swing
Forever givin' you all we got

[Verse 2: Paris]

Another n***a dead, wig split by aggressors
Choke the trigger make these pigs understand the message
Keep your motherf**kin hands off all my brethren
Make this gat cough, get up off this forced confession

Make it plain so you understand the lesson
Leave his racist a** guessin' with the Smith and Wesson
All guerrilla from the sidelines, no concessions
I'm providin' you these guidelines for the method
One, don't engage a pig 'less you have to
Two, never tell 'em they can search, that's the worst move
Three, f**k a protest bruh, this ain't the sixties
They could give a f**k and n***as get they a** whupped quickly
Four, and since we on that protest sh*t
Know you ain't protestin' if you askin' permission
Five, stop puttin' all your business in the street
Facebook is just another way for police to infiltrate
Six, stop trustin' the new, they'll go and tell
Only let ya real folks know, remember COINTEL
Seven, tearin' up these small businesses just ain't the answer
If you need to mob, take a molotov to the chancellor
Cause chances are your chances are hella slim
To pay for college, why the knowledge gotta be for them?
Eight, never go toe-to-toe, keep it gunplay
From a distance so that you can live to fight another day
Nine, only get with the guilty for what they did
Careful when you ride, never brutalize the innocent
Ten, and keep it all an eye for an eye
Listen, even if we blind, let the punishment fit the crime
One, two, ah yep, yep, huh
On blue, ah yep, yep, ah yep, yep
It's all true, ah yep, yep, ah yep, yep
We fall through, ah yep, yep, ah yep, now you know
[Hook: Sandy Griffith]
Hard truth, (Yeah)
Is what we came to tell ya (That's right)
So recognize who really got balls
It ain't too many true ones left (Uh-huh)
But you don't have to worry at all
We sacrifice our lives
Keep the movement on the rise
Lift ya voice and sing, lift ya fist and swing
Forever givin' you all we got

[Verse 3: Paris]

Now look here, you can occupy these nuts
I got ninety-nine problems, the percent ain't one

No outcry when we die, you never noticed the plight
Of brutal cla** oppression 'til recession ravaged the whites
Now you fall in, we all in the same gang, right?
At least until these companies proceed to tell us they hirin'
'Til these companies again see that it's cheaper to fire
And lie and kill the dreams of people simply tryin' to survive, and I'm tired
But it's all good, we all good, when y'all good
It's all good as long as struggle's all in the hood
Call the cops, George, and profile, these Negroes, we know how
The story ends with Skittles in my hand, no hope for survival
I'm liable to crack your motherf**kin' face
And get to shootin' then we'll see if you get a taste
And see if you will see excuses as acceptable claims
Or if you'll do to me what should be your solution for him
P Motherf**kin' Dog, motherf**kin' "woof"
I tear the roof off this motherf**ka, hollerin' truth
With no slapstick, or buck dance, no Flav's without the Chuck's, man
Y'all suck man, I'm seein' through the coonin' and the yuks man
I'm seasoned, west coast motherf**kin' G
Sucka Free, Cali Bred Revolutionary
And it ain't no Sinatra wannabe in me
F**k peace, I cross 'em out and put a K for my freedom, believe it
So come on people "oh yeah"
Join in the struggle "oh yeah"
Fight for liberation "oh yeah"
Every generation "oh yeah"
So come on people "oh yeah"
Join in the struggle "oh yeah"
Fight for liberation "oh yeah"
Every generation "oh yeah"
Gun, pick up the gun, pick up the gun
And put the pigs on the run, pick up the gun
Know the game plan, look at how they always do us
It's pistol politics, know the enemy is ruthless
Gun, pick up the gun, pick up the gun
And put the pigs on the run, pick up the gun
Take a look around, recognize and take notice
Stop the black on black violence and stay focused

Gun, pick up the gun, pick up the gun
And put the pigs on the run, pick up the gun
Know the game plan, look at how they always do us

It's pistol politics, know the enemy is ruthless

Gun, pick up the gun, pick up the gun

And put the pigs on the run, pick up the gun

Take a look around, recognize and take notice

Stop the black on black violence and stay focused